The Golden Age: Or, *An Age of plaine-dealing*

To a pleaſant new Court tune: *Or*, Whoope doe me no harme good man.

COme graunt me, come lend me
your liſtning eares:
The golden Age now againe
plainely appeares,
Carowſe away ſorrow,
and fling away feares,
Leaue your wife wealthy,
Shee'l neuer ſhead teares:
Oh this is a golden Age,
Oh this is a Iouiall Age.

The bountifull Lawyer
that neuer doth wrong,
To plead poore mens cauſes
for price of a ſong,
Who is by bright Angels
ſtill guided along,
For twenty two ſhillings,
Poe'le lend you his tongue,
To plead in this golden Age,
Oh this is a Iouiall Age.

The Ladies haue put away
painting and pride,
The fooliſh French faſhion
they cannot abide,
Without Maſke or Caroches,
they ciuilly ride,
And to the poore people
Their purſes ope wide:
Oh this is a bountifull Age,
Oh this is a liberall Age.

Baſe dealing is baniſht,
and women growne chaſte,
And by their owne Husbands
will ſcarce be imbrac'd,
And will not their times
in idleneſſe waſte,
For feare in their carriage
They ſhould be diſgrac'd:
Oh this is an honeſt Age,
Oh this is a hopefull Age.

Your Cittizens bounty
is growne now of late,
To raiſe a poore Gallants
decayed eſtate,
Yee'l biter his wares
at a reaſonable rate,
And vnto all commers
Keepe open his gate:
Oh this is a bountifull Age,
Oh this is a liberall Age.

The valourous Souldiers
ſtout manhood is ſpied,
With armes on his backe,
and Helmet on's head,
With Pike and with Muſket,
to the field they tread,
While the baſe Coward
Lyes ſleeping in bed:
Oh this is a valourous Age,
Oh this is a warlike Age.

The Courtier, his Taylor
doth pay with good will,
The Taylor he thinketh,
his payment is ill.
But yet if he yeerely,
doe cancell his Bill,
His onely deſire is
To deale with him ſtill:
Oh this is a ventering Age,
Oh this is a truſting Age.

The Vſurer that lent out
his money before,
Hath burned his Bonds,
and lendeth no more,
Becauſe his broad conſcience
oppreſſeth him ſore,
The Diuell ſtill for him,
ſtood gaping at's doore:
Oh this is a mending Age,
Oh this is an honeſt Age.

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The ſecond Part. *To the ſame Tune.*

The couetous aged,
doe ſore bruiſe their braines,
To make their yong Gallants,
ſole Lords of their gaines:
But being once buried,
full little remaines,
But ſole conſuming
The fruit of their paines:
Oh this is a waſting Age,
Oh this is a ſpending Age.

The prodigall ſpender
conſumeth his wit,
With fooliſh deuices,
his humours to fit,
At Ale and Tobacco,
if he can ſit,
Like to a braue Gallant,
Taketh he it:
Oh this is a ſmoking Age,
Oh this is a fiery Age.

Dull Drunkards ſit drinking,
and neuer giue o're,
Till they haue runne freely
on the Vintners ſcore,
Braſſe farthings in charitie,
fly to the poore,
While many gold pieces
Are ſpent on a Wh ---:
Oh this is a diſſembling Age,
Oh this is a wanton Age.

Old Robin Ruſſet coat
walkes without Cloake,
Amongſt our braue Gallants,
with pictures in's poake,
And learnes the new faſhion,
to feede vpon ſmoake,
A foode farre more fitting,
The Diuell to choake:
Oh this is a burning Age,
Oh this is a ſmoking Age.

Grim the blacke Collier,
brings Coales to the towne,
In Sacks more then meaſure,
yet ſpends he his crowne,
From the broad Pillory,
to keepe himſelfe downe,
Amongſt the blue Beadles,
To purchaſe renowne,
Oh this is an honeſt Age,
Oh this is a mending Age.

The Baker, the Brewer,
doe both mend their ſize,
And with their plaine dealing,
baſe falſhood defies,
Poore naked conſcience,
well cloathed now lyes,
In their warme Bake-houſe,
Still held in great prize:
Oh this is a changing Age,
Oh this is a bettering Age.

The Weauer, Miller and Tailor
leaue off for to ſteale,
And with their worke-maſters
more honeſtly deale,
In ſtead of dry browne-bread,
they make a good meale,
Or elſe to the Taſters
We muſt here appeale:
Oh this is an eating Age,
Oh this is a drinking Age.

All Trades-men growe weary,
of liuing by wrong,
The Puncke and the Cutpurſe
haue thriued too long,
The Hangman hath haltred
theſe Raſkals by ſtrong:
And ſo for one penny,
I ſell you my Song.
Oh this is a tottring Age,
Oh this is a hanging Age.

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